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A MISCELLANY OF MEN. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1912.

"On the essays that follow, two comments may correctly be made: first, that they are written controversially; and, second, that they are written badly," says Mr. Chesterton in his preface, seeking to forestall the critic. On the contrary, they are written exceedingly well. We can usually count on Mr. Chesterton to take the wrong view of any subject under discussion and to take it with entertaining vivacity. In the present volume he has his usual vivacity and amusing optimism with a surprising turn for the right view of life. On the wrong side of the suffrage, Mr. Chesterton yet proves himself to be on the right side in political and economic matters; the complete fool, who has an essay to himself, is the man who cannot see that the miners in the coal strike had something on their side. The village fire inspires him with the following very sage reflections: "I remembered that there are two kinds of fires—the Bad Fire and the Good Fire; the last must surely be the meaning of Bonfire. And the paradox is that the good Fire is made of bad things, of things that we do not want; but the bad Fire is made of good things, of things that we do want." From this Mr. Chesterton draws the parallel that there are two kinds of revolution—the revolution in which bad things shall perish and the bad revolution in which good things shall perish. The essay on historic Christianity as the Divine Detective showing men their secret sins is penetrating and haunting. The essays throughout are pungent and arresting. Whatever Mr. Chesterton is, he is rarely a bore. He tires of his subject before his reader has a chance to. He says, "I would sooner call myself a journalist than an author," and the thirty-eight little essays contained in the volume are entirely journalistic in tone and handling.

CARMEN SYLVA. By PIERRE LOTI. Authorized translation by FRED ROTHWELL. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

This dainty little blue volume contains Loti's memories of his visits to Carmen Sylva in Rumania and in Venice, some memories of Constantinople, of snake-charmers in Tetuan, some forgotten pages from "*Madame Chrysanthème*," and a few pages of impressions of Japanese women in 1890.

The first two sketches form a charming contrast; the first so full of romantic glamour and high security; the second showing the same lovely queen in the hour of her humiliation and distress. The fairyland of Venice in summer; the gondolas gliding out into a vast lagoon through the old quarters, with their armor-sheathed windows; the musicians playing softly as they followed in the queen's train; and, lastly, a queen herself reading aloud from her own unpublished works, are themes worthy of Loti's pen. He has touched them, too, with his wonted magic, a magic half poetry, half vague regret. His chief charm is the poignant sense in all that he writes of the evanescence of the moment. Whether he says it or not, we feel in all that he writes that he is aware, always aware, of the swift perishing of all beauty and of the poignancy in pain just because life is so short and our perception of it so incomplete. Loti is undoubtedly the French Pater.